

Annual Christmas Lists

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Columnist Abroad, Gives Assassination Reactions

ISTANBUL, TURKEY — I was on a Russian ship in the Black sea, heading for Odesa, when the tragedy struck back home on a Dallas street. The Russian radio operator casually and indifferently asked "if I heard the news that Premier Kennedy had been killed." Premier is the usual title they attach to U.S. presidents.

Rome's 'Il Tempo' took a special interest in the Italian rifle used by headlining. "It was impossible for this make of rifle to fire three aimed shots in five seconds." It accused U. S. Law enforcement of "lying to the American people for political reasons, especially since President Johnson is from Texas and expects to run in '64."

Ironically, it was Texas Republican Senator Tower who urged Congress to approve the request of accused assassin Oswald to be returned to the U. S. from Russia, after in 1959 he renounced his U.S. citizenship in Minsk, where he was visiting as a 20-year-old U.S. mariner. The U.S. loaned him the fare to return with his wife and child to Texas in May 1962 . . . and to become nineteen months later the prime suspect in the assassination of the President of the United States.

There was probably an echo in my silence. For how could I have heard the news in the middle of a rough and freezing cold Black sea, detached from the world on a Russian ship where two or three spoke English, or cared a hoot about what happens in America . . . except that we all drop dead. A dozen things went through my mind.

First, that the Kennedy era, heralded by some as a perpetual political dynasty, had died too.

Gone also the passionate zest for political victory . . . the often inconsistent paradoxes of his leadership . . . the resolute, arrogant and sometimes eloquent sales pitch to his most-avowed dissenters . . . the hucksters who rallied around him in pontifical reverence . . . the compassionate pride of family and friends in his matchless art for the political play.

All these passed through my mind while gazing into the menacing squalls and swells over the rail, to the menacing sea.

Right or wrong, as history will dictate, John Kennedy dared.

He sat, as few men do, on a conspicuous glass cage.

We will never know where the driver would have finally led the wagon train over the New Frontier.

But this we know: That the inhuman passions of other men deprived him of the chance that belongs to God and to fate.

This tragedy will echo in the history books, far more than the generation of his leadership. The assassin's bullet killed something in all of us. For he belonged to all of us.

Through Russia, Bulgaria, Germany, France, Rumania, Greece, Turkey—and in the rest of the European press . . . President Kennedy's assassination was called "a political plot."

Publishers, people, politicians are dead—sure that Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby were made of the same conspiracy cloth . . . and that a powerful organized group masterminded the murder.

Surprisingly, behind the Iron Curtain, John Kennedy was mourned as no other Free World leader in Communist history.

The Russian TV, radio, press gave the news prominence over all else. Through Tel-star, the TV carried the funeral and events that followed.

The U.S. Secret Service, protecting the President, was called "idiotic" by the Paris 'Le Monde'. Moscow's 'Pravda' referred to the Dallas police as "uninformed Octoberites."

"Octoberites" are children in kindergarten, beginning the first stages of Communist training for party membership.

The rightist Munich 'Soldaten Zeitung' and Budapest's 'Nepszabadsag' even accused the Dallas police as "co-conspirators," which is, of course, ridiculous.

The respected Paris 'Le Figaro' accused the southern rightists as accomplices to political assassination.

Soviet news agency 'Tass' headlined the "racist angle" as "a plot of the southern whites to drive the Negroes back to slavery."

Athens 'Ethnos', Hamburg's 'Die Welt', London's 'Evening Standard' all accused U. S. law enforcement with "unprecedented police stupidity in the casual and loose manner they watched and transported Lee Oswald, the most important suspect in the assassination of the most prominent leader in the world."

Istanbul's 'Presse' is convinced that both Oswald and Ruby were co-conspirators and the "organization" that planned the crime also had pre-arranged for Ruby to kill Oswald.

Even those who disliked or were opposed to President Kennedy, genuinely and impressively expressed their sorrow. Without exception, the man-on-the-street abroad was deeply moved by the tragedy.

Our Man Hoppe

Sail (click) On Sail (click) On

Art Hoppe

Excuse my preoccupied look. But I went to hear a speech in defense of robots. It was by Mr. Gerard Piel, the publisher of Scientific American and one of the most brilliant, articulate, enlightened spokesmen our Scientists have got. And our robots, too.

Mr. Piel said we laymen shouldn't get mad at all robots just because some robots are taking our jobs away from us through automation. Which is certainly true. Because, he said with a Scientist's pride, robots are at last relieving us from the kind of mindless drudgery "not fit for men to perform." Which is certainly true. And, he said, we should send robots to the moon. Which is certainly interesting.

Mr. Piel, like many Scientists these days, said we should send robots to the moon instead of human beings, because robots can perform this historic feat of exploration more economically, more quickly, more accurately and, above all, more efficiently. And I'm sure he's right.

But, as I say, the whole thing's given me a preoccupied look. What preoccupies me is what's going to happen when our first IBM Machine on the moon gets back to earth?

(Scene: The White House lawn. Millions cheer as a space capsule parachutes to earth, a door opens and our new national hero, RAMAC-681a, rolls forward once again on American soil. The President rushes forward to welcome him. Or, rather, it.)

President: Let me be the first, after your epoch-making voyage in behalf of all mankind, to shake your-er-claw.

RAMAC-681a: Click. Response Affirmative. Click.

President: In view of your exploits I have been authorized by a grateful nation to pin on your dashboard the highest medal I can bestow. Which I now will do. If I can just get this pin in there somehow . . . Never mind, we'll weld it on later. Do you perhaps have something you'd like to say to all these millions of people?

RAMAC-681a: Click. I am proud to have been of service to my country. This was a recorded announcement. Click.

President: Thank you. I am sure your words will go down in history. So please preserve the tape. And now, let me ask the question on the lips of all mankind; a question men have asked for eons: What is it like up there on the moon? Is there a deathly stillness? Are the sunrises fiery and clean? How high the heavenly vault? How deep the void? How dry the dust? Oh, please, tell us in your own words, what is it like up there?

RAMAC-681a: Click. Silicon, 28.2 per cent; cobalt, 14.7; reotengen negative in stasis; .0038 psi factor at 69.7 multidecimals; CO2, trace; multigravitational coreopsis 7.00382 . . .

No, it just won't do. I know our Scientists are right about their machines being better than us. And they ought to send as many machines to the moon as they wish. But they ought to let us human beings go, too.

Oh, I know we're inefficient and fallible. We have to breathe and eat and sleep and love. And machines don't. But I think maybe that's why we make far better heroes.

Morning Report:

I wonder who's going to be the first person to say something nasty about President Lyndon Baines Johnson. So far, everybody loves him. The AFL-CIO and the National Association of Manufacturers. Protestants, Catholics and Jews have prayed for him. And Senator Barry Goldwater has said a kind word.

Officially, the moratorium on politics lasts through December 22. But that puts us right into Christmas. And the week after that is devoted nationally to exchanging gifts at the stores.

So, President Johnson has it made through the end of the year. I figure he can expect all hell to break loose on January 1.

Abe Mellinkoff



Few Part-time Jobs

A contributing cause of juvenile delinquency is the difficulty ambitious young people have in finding part-time jobs to occupy leisure hours during the week and on Saturday.

During November there was a sudden, substantial and unexpected increase in unemployment among teenagers. Some 150,000 of them started looking for jobs and few found them. This puzzled the Department of Labor which instigated an investigation into the reasons.

One reason given less blame than it should for the development, in our opinion, was the present wage-hour law and State imposed restrictions on the employment of minors. Too many employers, willing and anxious to have the services of alert young boys and girls, encounter these restrictions or are so fearful of undertaking the procedures demanded by the various laws that they simply have to turn down the eager young people who have the ambition and initiative to be looking for work.

One Torrance business man admitted the other day that one of his most unpleasant tasks this season, has been in having to refuse several earnest and clean cut young people who have offered him their services. They were inexperienced and unskilled but they possessed character and qualities he felt certain would have made them valued part-time employees.

No one, of course, can say with certainty how much of the rise in teen-age unemployment this winter season is due to the causes stated above. But there can be little doubt that it has been an important factor.

Lesson in Disaster

The sympathy of this community goes out to those who lost their homes in the Baldwin Hills catastrophe and to hundreds of others who suffered losses when the reservoir failed.

The only good that can come out of this terrible tragedy is effective action to prevent a similar calamity in the future. There are at least seven other such earthen-built water storage facilities in the Los Angeles area and they will be regarded suspiciously in the future by the general public and fearfully by those residing in their immediate vicinity or in the path of the destructive force of suddenly unleashed millions of gallons of water.

Engineers quite sensibly warn that there is no need to panic. Duly constituted authorities, however, should and we expect will re-examine and survey every one of these reservoirs and perhaps change the design of water storage facilities that may be constructed in the future.

It is strange, but nevertheless fact, that man's greatest benefactors often become the greatest forces in his destruction. Water is life in this arid Los Angeles basin and the genius and foresight of our planners were almost alone responsible for the growth that has taken place in Southern California.

Get What We Deserve

Speaking editorially, the Portland Oregonian makes an interesting point. Oregon recently voted down, by a huge margin, a bill which would have increased the state's income tax take. Yet, as the Oregonian says, state income taxes are far less than the federal income taxes paid by Oregonians—so . . . it is hardly logical for the taxpayer to be so complacent about Uncle Sam's hefty tithe, yet so agitated over a moderate increase in the state's relatively small share.

Then the paper offered an answer to this anomaly: "The most plausible explanation is that voters feel they have no effective voice in federal fiscal policy, whereas in this state via the initiative and referendum—the 'Oregon system'—they can with comparative ease make their desires known. But taxpayers should not forget their power, wielded through the ballot box, is as potent at the federal level as at the state level. The results are not as prompt or dramatic, but in the long run they can be fully as conclusive."

U.S. Representatives and Senators in Congress are just as much aware of the importance of listening to the home folks as are local politicians. In other words, we can put into federal office those who favor economy and efficiency in government—or those who favor endless increases in spending and pork barrel politics. And, through our ballots, we get what we deserve, independence or Welfare State dependency.

Opinions of Others

NORFOLK, VA. TIMES-ADVOCATE: "Look at the contents of your wallet. Think you have everything you need? The odds are that—like eight out of 10 of your neighbors—you aren't carrying the one most vital piece of information about yourself: your blood type. Should a sudden emergency arise, it could save you, and your family, untold grief. A card in your wallet, identifying blood type and possible RH factor, is peace-of-mind insurance."

A publication of the West Texas Utilities Company says: "Whatever you call it, however you count it, profit is basic and indispensable to all societies . . . A very simple definition of profit is merely what is left when the costs of some activity are deducted from its revenues. It is the margin for growth and the energizing agent for production. It is the reward to the venturesome, the return for effort expended. To the corporate manager it may be dollars in a bank; to the Soviet farm minister, the seed grain in a warehouse; to the native islander, the racks of dried fish stored against the future. Whatever its form, profit is vital to any society"

ROYCE BRIER

No Crystal Ball For United States President

Every man under stress has within him the possibility of rising above his mundane self. He finds an unforeseen endurance and competence to cope with a situation. We see this in the everyday vicissitudes, in a ship foundering at sea.

Not all of us successfully meet such a challenge, but a great many do. When one conspicuously does we call him a hero, for lack of a better word.

A man entering the office of President faces this same challenge. But unlike the hero on the foundering ship, who may win or lose in a day, a President must undergo stress for days, weeks, years. The qualities of an ordinary hero will not serve him.

Yet the same trial of the man is there, the same forces which may lift him above his mundane self. The forces may even reshape one who has been, so to speak, shapeless, giving him stature and wisdom and granite.

That is the way the office has always functioned. There is a sort of mystique about it which does not show in the Constitutional words.

Some Presidents have left office unshaped, as they entered it. Some for whom high hopes were held, Grant for instance, failed. Some from whom little was expected—Theodore Roosevelt and Truman—were eminently successful. Only Lincoln's cronies held high hope for him, and he was not indeed a truly great President until the hammering of dark crises made him so.

An effective President must, when he is lifted above himself, contain a curious mixture of pragmatic politics, which gets things done, and a moral sense which knows when to discard expediency and go to the spiritual values which are the essence of leadership. All of our great Presidents have been spiritual leaders who strove for the

right when the chips were down.

Thus a mere politician cannot become an effective President, nor a dreamy idealist who cannot convince his fellow Americans.

So we say: what kind of President will Lyndon Johnson be? We simply don't know. Many in their sorrow say: he cannot replace President Kennedy. Again, we don't know. We don't know what crises will try him. Who in 1860 could have foreseen the agony of waiting for the outcome of the Battle of Gettysburg?

We know Mr. Johnson is a good politician. We know less of what spiritual qualities, leadership qualities, he has manifested, and nothing at all of the latent qualities the office may find in him.

It is just as well we cannot tell him what is coming, lest he lose the capacity to rise above himself at the challenge.

TALK OF THE WORLD

ROME — A movie personality visiting here not only has to contend with mosquitoes and flies but also with the swarm of free-lance photographers who are a breed apart from anything on earth.

There are about 50 of these pesty free-wheelers who infest the Via Veneto-Cinecitta circuit armed with their Roliflexes and Speed Graphics, waiting for somebody important to do something. If a VIP crosses the street, they descend on him like a plague of locusts.

Disparagingly known as "paparazzi" and by a variety of other names (most of them unprintable), the persistent photographers are not interested in ho-hum poses or "say che-e-ese" shots. More often than not, they team up their dubious talents and develop incidents to make spicy shots.

The word, "paparazzi," is Italian slang for "noxious insects." It was tagged onto the small army of reckless, ruthless men who prowl the celebrity haunts of Rome after Fellini's movie, "La Dolce Vita," focused a cinematic microscope on their methods of stalking a prey.

Neither the threat of bodily harm, nor the carabinieri (state police), nor libel suits can keep them from making their appointed rounds. Any celebrity who tries to outrace them in a fast sports car never quite succeeds because the "paparazzi" stay right behind in their souped-up motor-scooters.

The "paparazzi" recognize

only one leader, and they call him "The King." He is Russian-born Ivan Krosenko, the mastermind behind much of the public fussing and cussing that features Miss Movie Princess and Mr. Prince Playboy.

A fierce in-fighter, Ivan the Terrible (as some prefer to call him) has used his fists to ward off irate subjects. Just recently he broke his right hand when he punched (in self-defense, he says) an Italian actor on the jaw. Another time his quick haymaker sent a picture-shy prince to the hospital for three days.

Ivan is credited with having arranged the unscheduled, scandalous striptease contest at a society party in Rome's Ruginino in 1958. In the aftermath, belly dancer Aiche Nana got a suspended prison sentence and American playboy Peter Howard was offi-

cially barred from setting foot on Italian soil.

Some people here consider Krosenko and his untamed clan a disgrace to the profession of journalism. "They're the type you find in the Mafia—except now, instead of shooting guns, they shoot cameras and create as much of a disturbance," complained a society photographer.

"Anytime I need a hot picture on a dull day," declared the Rome correspondent of a London daily, "I can depend on good ole Krosenko. He's always capable of finding some starlet willing to throw herself into the Fountain of Trevi in her Maidenform Bra or some such stunt. That's Ivan. He's the best cameraman in Italy, the only good thing the Russians have given the free world."

We Quote . . .

"Start off each day with a smile. That way you save all your grouchiness for the office, ride home, dinner table and PTA meeting."—Ron I. Coffman, Grove City (O.)

"During the last century, the man who saved money was a miser; today he's a wonder."—Fred W. Growen, Edgewater (N. J.) Bergen Citizen.

"It's not the minutes you take at the table that makes you feel fat—it's the seconds."—S. E. Mekeel, Ovid (N. Y.) Gazette and Independent.

"There's nothing that infuriates a woman more than not being asked to join a club she doesn't want to belong to anyway."—Kenny Bennett, Greencastle (Ind.) Putnam County Graphic.